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Vance Venom



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Chapter 1 by Riley Christopher

There is a roar down Richardson Avenue. The roar of a machine, a motorcycle. Vance's hands are sweating under his fingeless leather gloves. No matter how well or how long he's been able to give off the facade that he's not nervous, the feeling inside has always remained the same.

Vance Venom is in the murder business, or at least that's what he likes to call it. Others of the same profession think of it almost as a game. That intensely aggravates Vance. Funny, a murderer with a moral compass, quite ironic to say the least. No one can outdo Vance though, he's quick, stealthy, and has the composure of a statue.

The truth is, the man beneath the motorcycle helmet with shoulder length black hair and eyes that could scare a blind man does have a story. Before the black leather and tattoo covered persona manifested itself, Vance was a family man, working in a brewery trying to make ends meet. Back then he was known as Vince Verdugo; he had a beautiful 12 year old daughter named Connie and a gorgeous wife named Christa. He tries not to think of them too often though, it reminds him of a long day at work. He did take care of the killer, but that hurts him too, considering that the man only did it because he was in the murder business too, he was

hired by someone else. To this day Vance hopes that one day he will get hired to take down the man that took his life away. His hope is his only comfort.

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His life flashes before his eyes as he looks back on the day he was hired to take down the man that took his life away. His hope is his only comfort.

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A drug dealer who works in a Sandwich shop is on the loose. He is a man of many faces, a man of many secrets. He is a man of many sins.

Chapter 2 by Scott



Vance made no inquiries into why the man had to die. It was best to leave the personal stuff alone. The thought of killing a man who may have just been like him, with a wife and a kid, was too much to bear. All Vance had to do tonight was work silently, and then maybe he could get a good night's rest.

Vance made for a menacing presence, no matter where he went, and the reaction was just the same in the shop. Eyes glared at him with equal parts interest and fear, unknowing of what intention this dark haired man had, unprepared for what he was about to do. Vance took a seat at the bar, giving a space of a couple seats for the patrons who would have moved away anyway. "Damn" Vance said under his breath. He hadn't expected so many people to be there. It was supposed to be a quick, easy Sunday night job.

The light glared over Vance's head, the faint buzzing of a light that had long needed to be replaced. The ticking of a clock on a wall did nothing for Vance's waning patience. Christ hung upon the Cross, next to the blaring television with some pastor preaching about the doom that those who sinned were going to face. He needed to be out, and soon. Vance didn't want to make a mess, but the thought of painting the figurine Christ with the blood of the drug dealer piqued his interest. What an irony that would be.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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